HOMOCIDE

FOR RONALD GIBSON

Grief is not apparel.
Not like a dress, a wig
or my sister's high-heeled shoes.
It is darker than the man I love
who in my fantasies comes for me
in a silver, six-cylinder chariot.
I walk the waterfront/curbsides
in my sister's high-heeled shoes.
Dreaming of him, his name
still unknown to my tongue.
While I wait
for my prince to come
from every other man
I demand pay for my kisses.
I buy paint for my lips.
Stockings for my legs.
My own high-heeled slippers
and dresses that become me.
When he comes,
I know I must be beautiful.
I will know how to love his body.
Standing out here
on the waterfront/curbsides
I have learned to please
a man.
He will bring me flowers.
He will bring me silk
and jewels, I know.
While I wait,

I'm the only man who loves me.
They call me "Star"
because I listen
to their dreams and wishes.
But grief is darker.
It is a wig
that does not rest gently
on my head.